No. 10.

THE LITTLE WHEELBARROW.

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1855.

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WIL-LIE ask-ed his fa-ther to buy him a lit-tle wheel-bar-row. His fa-ther said he would in a few days, when he had time to go down to the shop where toys were sold.

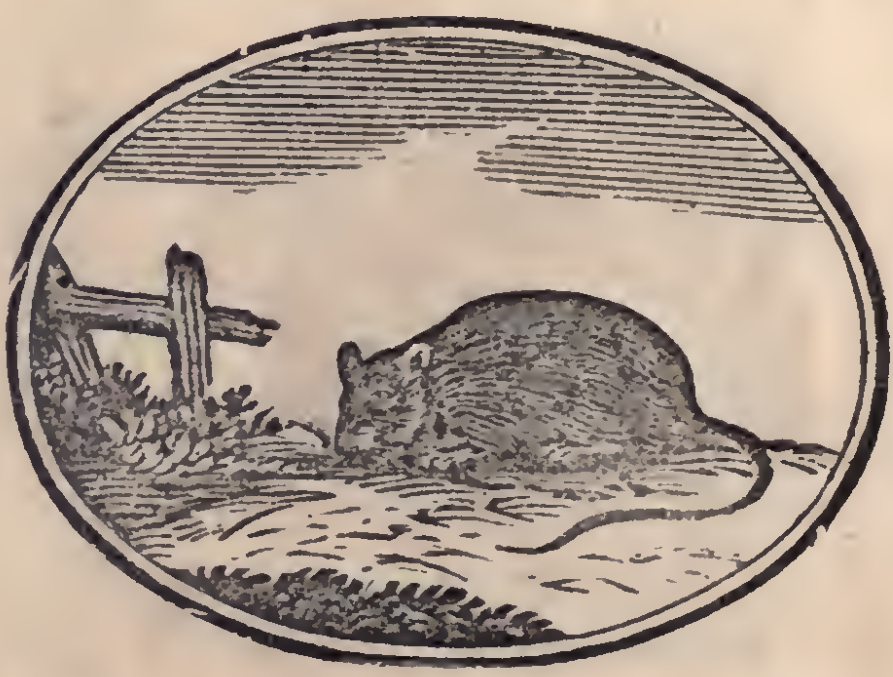
Wil-lie want-ed it then: so he be-gan to pout, and cry, and act ver-y bad-ly. But his fa-ther told him he nev-er should buy one for a bad boy, and that Wil-lie must

be kind, and pa-tient, and pleas-ant, if he re-al-ly wish-ed to have one.

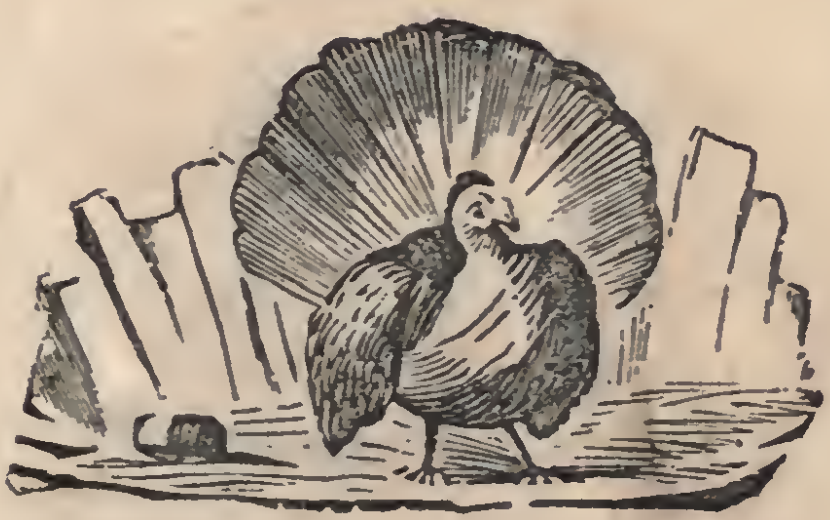
Wil-lie found that he was wrong, and that his fa-ther knew best when he could buy it. So he be-

came cheer-ful; and when his fa-ther next saw him, he was play-ing with Fi-do as bright-ly and mer-ri-ly as need be. Ver-y soon his fa-ther brought home a nice lit-tle

wheel-bar-row and gave it to him. Wil-lie had fine times with it, and, with oth-er lit-tle boys, was bus-y ev-er-y day, wheel-ing sand, and rocks, and wood, and lots of things.



One day, when he was pick-ing up some bits of wood to load his wheel-bar-row with, he dis-turb-ed a mouse, which ran off at a great rate. Wil-lie laugh-ed heart-i-ly to see the lit-tle an-i-mal scam-per a-way; but he was not so well



pleas-ed at an-oth-er time, when he had a piece of red cloth fly-ing from his wheel-bar-row, and an old tur-key came to-wards him with such speed and noise, and look-ing so fierce, that he drop-ped his wheel-bar-row and ran off him-self.

Wil-lie be-hav-ed so well, that his fa-ther bought him a drum the next Christ-mas, when the snow was on the ground and he could not play with his wheel-bar-row.

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